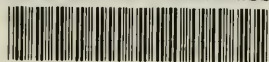


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AN *Henry J. Chalmers*
ORATION,

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IN

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1820.

BEFORE THE COMPANY OF THE PARISH.

AND AT THEIR REQUEST.



BY WILLIAM LANCE.

Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hostem.....*Horat. Carm. Sæc.*

Rarâ temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere,
licet.....*Tacit. Hist. lib. l. c. 1.*

CHARLESTON:

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ORATION.



FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS!

I CONGRATULATE you on the recurrence of the season, when Americans are animated by a lively remembrance of the origin of their freedom. I rejoice in celebrating the Fourth of July with you, and our countrymen throughout this happy land, in honor of our fathers. Their patriotism, valor, fortitude and triumph will cease to be commemorated by an annual expression of gratitude, only when their descendants in a remote and degenerate age, unmindful of the ancestry whence they sprung, shall be incapable of appreciating the blessings which surround them. It was the proud distinction of these illustrious actors on the stage of the Revolution, to rescue themselves from ignominy—to assert unyieldingly the inalienable rights of mankind—to secure for themselves a conscious dignity through life—to lay up immortality for their memories—to obtain all that is precious and valuable on earth for their posterity. How, almost instinctively, do our imaginations dwell with rapture and devotional admiration on the scene of this day forty-five years! Then it

was, that an amalgamation with a foreign government was disdained as disgraceful to a people, numerous and enlightened enough to constitute a nation of themselves—a dependence on a monarchy, humiliating to those whom nature destined for a Republic—a submission to the pretensions of British despotism, the most abject vassalage to which this country could be reduced.

It was at this splendid era, that WASHINGTON became identified with greatness, with glorious war, with military genius, with the trophies of liberty, with popular power, and with the independence of the United States. The fame of this extraordinary man soon extended to the uttermost parts of the globe. Through life he was the wonder of the world, the ornament of his country and the object of its fondest affections. Since his translation to the celestial realms, the very mention of his name excites a reverence with the old, the middle-aged and the young. He was indeed an accomplished general, a most disinterested patriot—first in the field—first in the cabinet—a virtuous and noble-minded hero!

For a moment, fellow-citizens, picture to yourselves—what would now be your condition, had the spark of '76 never glowed in the bosoms of Americans—had its blaze never illuminated the annals of human nature—A KING would be your master. You would bow the supple knee before Majesty seated on a throne. Born in humble inferiority, you would be subjects to a being, above whom you may be elevated in intellect, in virtue, in knowledge. His pleasure

would be the arbiter of your fates—his will the guide of your destinies. To support the gorgeous pageantry of regal magnificence, your fortunes would be at the mercy of him, and his insatiate satraps. To fight the battles of his ambition, you might be forced from the Western Continent, and transported to the shores of Asia, Europe and Africa. WELLINGTON would be your Commander in chief—CASTELREAGH your Prime Minister. Obeisance to the monarch would be the first lesson of youth, and the incentive of public action through life. You would pass, like the crown and sceptre, an inheritance from one generation to another. From a royal father, you would descend, as an estate, to a royal son. Even an infant female, as heiress of the British Empire, might, in the swaddling clothes of the cradle, be the idol of your adoration, and the object of your homage. A single individual, though he might be covered with crimes, and destitute of the feelings of a man, impiously deriving from Heaven a title to govern, might be the sovereign of the millions who now inhabit this soil. The seat of your government might be a court steeped in corruption, wallowing in intrigue, suspicious from ignorance, jealous from suspicion, vindictive from jealousy, tyrannical from revenge. An established religion with its hierarchy, would enchain the State to the Church, enslaving the conscience, and affording allurements to hypocrisy. The natural auxiliaries of the throne, an haughty aristocracy, would rank you as far beneath them in the order of creation, as they esteem the reigning dynasty above them. A Parliament, in which your voice

would be as unknown and unheard as that of the natives of India—uninterested in your fate—without knowledge of your interests—would impose tributes on your possessions and exact obedience to their statutes. A spacious ocean would roll between these shores and the residence of the authorities claiming sway over them. The people would look to the winds and waves to bring them the mandates of their liege lord—as the merchant watches anxiously for the arrival of his cargoes. You would be annexed as an appendage, to what is but a spot on the globe. Without a separate existence or a national name, this Continent would contribute to the prosperity of an Island, in an opposite quarter of the universe. The greater would yield implicitly to the lesser. The physical laws would be inverted. What should be the circumference would be the centre of the system. The orb round which the planets should revolve would become a satellite. We should forget that “there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars.”

Such, my countrymen, would be the government under which you would now live—such the evils to which you must be exposed—and such the monstrous violation of the laws of consistency—

“Who’s here so base, that would be a bondman?”

“If any, speak—for him have I offended.”

With this state of colonial servitude, contrast your present attitude. Look on your internal situation, and your high consequence among nations. The people here have all power. They

are their own sovereign. There is but one class—themselves. All are on an equality.—There is no distinction of patricians and plebeians—of nobility and commonalty. The rich man and the poor man, have but the same rights. They are friends in the common participation of the same public good. We have no governors or legislators from birth—no pedigrees to be traced—to ascertain the rightful claim of any one to govern, or of any families to make laws for us. Our Republican Commonwealth has no intricacy, or mystery in its operations. It is as simple as the management of a domestic circle. It is but an infinite division of labour among its members. All the Councils of the nation, are composed of the people at large, attending by their Representatives. We levy taxes—but we ourselves impose them—and for ourselves. Every citizen cheerfully bears a share of the public expense, proportionate to his means. Here are no governmental trappings—no tawdry regalia—no ostentatious insignia—no glitter of royal aggrandizement, or aristocratic insolence to be maintained, for the oppression of those who pay for them. While the great mass of their inhabitants, are groaning under the weight and pressure of the treasury in monarchies; the frugality of our government, necessarily and intimately interwoven with its Constitution, requires at the hands of its citizens, an almost imperceptible portion of their annual gains. Our light tributes are not felt by the poorest. The tears of our yeomanry do not flow, at the sight of the tax-gatherer. Joy brightens their countenance, that they are giving a little

to secure a thousand fold—the felicity of self-government. Liberty scatters its sweets with a lavish and impartial hand throughout our widely extended regions. The absolute supremacy of the people is no longer a topic of discussion, or a matter of doubt. We are as certain of its influence, as that divine intelligence sustains the creation. No speculation of the philanthropist can here be ideal. His dearest hopes are realized. What the bigotry of narrow-minded prejudice denominated the dreams of frantic fantasy, our happy experience proves the most practical truths. What a slavish attachment to other forms of government, would ridicule as the visions of theoretical philosophers, we know and feel to be the only safe and pure principles of political institutions. When I reflect, my friends, on the happiness which has poured in upon this country, after the entire demolition of the system introduced with its settlement, I cannot refrain from acknowledging the services of one (who is now no more) because his memory seems neglected, if not consigned to oblivion. Among the prominent and active leaders in the memorable struggle, to a retrospective view, of which we consecrate this day, was the author of “*Common Sense*.”—His writings were characterized by a display of brilliant talents, ardent zeal, exquisite wit, and popular eloquence. His industry was incessant in the great cause, in which his compatriots were embarked—

“ You all did love him once—not without cause !

“ What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?”

The genius whence emanated the Declaration

of Independence, bears testimony to the value of his merits. If his stout heart gave way towards the latter part of his terrestrial career, amidst the vicissitudes of fortune, we can lament the occurrence, but we are not freed from a remembrance of his services. If he fell into errors, offensive to piety, let those who indulge in the bitterness of censure, recollect that it is not for mortals to revenge the wrongs of heaven, "*Deorum injurias Diis Curæ*"—The infidel and the hypocrite who were enemies to Liberty, dreading the force of his attack on monarchical rule, and his detection of despotism in whatever disguise it might appear, assumed the garb of religion, as conferring a privilege to scandalize his motives, to depreciate his acquirements, to underrate his abilities—even to deny his usefulness to his country.

If under the consciousness, fellow-citizens, of their equal rights, the American people are in contentment, and tranquillity among themselves—see what is their station in relation to the rest of the world. This Republic is the only depositary of the liberties, to which mankind are entitled. Like the ark which floated on "the face of the waters," and preserved from destruction a favorite family of heaven, our free government is lifted up above all others—and saves its citizens from the general deluge of monarchy. On our example, as their polar-star, are steadily fixed the eyes of all who are planning their emancipation. It is in vain for the supporters of royalty, to pretend that our success has not commanded the attentive regard of the magnanimous of all nations. None

but slaves, from preference, are blind to the beauties of our situation, and insensible to the charms of our equality. The valiant defenders of human rights, look to this country as the finished model for their imitation. They do not envy us, their ambition is to follow our steps. The ancient kingdom and odious tyranny of the Bourbons, were annihilated by the resentment of a people, whose chivalry lighted the torch of Liberty at the fires kindled on our altars.—The French Republic singly, in its individual strength, infused terror and “scattered wild dismay” among the monarchies, combined to crush it in its infancy. If the reverses of fortune have re-established a throne, and restored a feeble and effete race, it is only for a short time. The gallantry—the energies—the independence which drove them into exile—where they remained twenty years on the charity of the natural enemies of France, which again banished them from their native land, where they had been escorted by foreign armies, will a third time expel there wretched usurpers of popular sovereignty.

A nation like this will never brook the humiliation, of rulers imposed on them by strangers. Their patience is not allegiance. Their endurance of loyalty is no pledge of its continuance. They succumb to the exigency of the times, as the Roman Consuls at the Caudine Forks, when the Senate, inflamed with indignation, that the soldiers of the République should pass under the yoke, scouted the terms which had been extorted from necessity.—In the progressive march of freedom, behold the destruction of that tre-

mendous engine of cold-blooded despotism—of ferocious hypocrisy—of gloomy fanaticism—the Inquisition. Co-eval with the discovery of America, it had for more than three centuries—and even in civilized times, been the reproach of Christianity, and the scandal of the human species. The Spanish monarchy bereft of this support of ecclesiastical grandeur, is tottering on its basis, and will crumble into ruins. The Cortes which the tyranny of Cardinal Ximenes had so long abolished, are resuscitated, and will maintain the prerogatives of the people. There is a striking, though not a perfect resemblance between the efforts of our brethren of South-America, and the resistance made by the United States against Great Britain. How do we sympathize with their fortunes—and are anxious for their deliverance from European bondage, and their success against the dark conspiracy, which would extirpate their most common rights!—When these independent warriors shall have accomplished the great work they have commenced, let us hope that they will be Americans like ourselves—that they will suffer no feature of aristocracy, to disfigure the frame of their political constitution—that its basis may be the people—its superstructure the impregnable citadel of their liberties.

See also, my friends, what a spirit of manly innovation, so often the precursor of Revolutionary change, has pervaded over England and Scotland. If the diadem, and the mitre, and the coronet, are not yet falling from the temples they have graced, still the open array against the government, has terrified those who

wield the destinies of the empire. Dangers encompass them on every side. The power which has been abused to the annoyance and oppression of the people, and the sacrifice of their rights, they will abbreviate, if not resume. They may soon rival the enthusiastic love of Liberty, which predominates in the generous breasts of their neighbours in the Emerald Isle. Let *Ireland* but be their pattern, and never will they crouch to the instruments of despotic power!

My countrymen, in the occupation of such an exalted rank among nations, and with such an universal diffusion of enjoyments at home, it is not ostentatious in Americans, while they gratefully honor the manes of the patriots who founded their Independence, to indulge in an exultation of self-applause. Can it be arrogance for the present age, to compare their achievements with the deeds of their Revolutionary Ancestors? Is it "out-stepping the modesty of nature," to proclaim how spotless and untarnished we have kept the palladium handed down to us, by the bravery and valorous exploits of the Congress, the Army, the Navy, and the whole Nation, who encountered the perils of rebellion, had heaven been unpropitious to their cause? If the lustre of kingly domination was eclipsed by the brightness of the light, which shone at that almost romantic period of history—if the holy flames of freedom consumed every vestige of the fabric created by arbitrary rule in our land—if the invincible prowess of a race resolved to be freemen, broke the charm of loyalty, overthrew their gigantic foe, and tore up by the roots every scion of his

policy and government, which had been planted, or had grown in this hemisphere; if these grand enterprizes were undertaken, and the most unrivalled success encircled the brows of their authors, with never fading wreaths of renown, ought it not to be our boast, that the war waged by the Republican Administration of 1812, proved to the world, that the blood of our ancestors runs with undiluted richness in our veins?

Loud were the complaints of the repeated injuries inflicted by Great Britain. Our Commerce was the familiar subject of her spoilation. Her ministerial effrontery even attempted its regulation. Our noble tars were captured on the ocean—impressed into the service of their fathers' oppressors in sight of their native shores. A secret missionary was employed to poison the fountains of our compact, by the seeds of dissension. While hostile ships were hovering with stealthy watchfulness along our coast, the savage allies of insidious enmity were instigated to embody on our frontiers—to prepare the tomahawk and the scalping-knife for a murderous and merciless havock. Then it was that our distinguish statesman Mr. MADISON, actuated by a cheerful courage, responded to the national call, to avenge the insults and wrongs which were heaped on us. His transcendant talents, eminent services, fervid patriotism, and political sagacity, had been rewarded by the Chief-Magistracy of the Republic. He became the successor in the first office in the world, of the luminary of science, the ornament of literature and philosophy—the liberal advocate of the

just and equal rights of mankind—the delight of his country—the profound politician—our venerable JEFFERSON. They were faithful sentinels from the battlements of our Constitution, over the rights of the people—and watched with an intense and unwinking vigilance the movements of Great Britain towards the United States. They had distinctly perceived her jealousy of our rapid growth and unexampled prosperity, and a lurking resentment—that she was vanquished in the conflict of the Revolution.—The crisis had arrived. The President thought it time to draw the sword; and with the eloquence and splendor of genius, for which he was celebrated from his entrance into public life—described the feelings of hostility manifested against us, and our patient adherence to a pacific attitude, best suited to the elements of a republic. “We behold, (said he) in fine, on the side of Great-Britain, a state of war against the United States—and, on the side of the United States, a state of peace towards Great-Britain.” With his sentiments, corresponded the tone and the lofty spirit of Congress, and the American Republic buckled on its armour to meet again in battle the adversary which once already it had overcome, and mortified. We do all remember the enthusiasm of the times. I look back with emotions of pride and complacency to an epoch so glorious to Republicans. Every man whose voice was for such a war, will feel a consolation through life, and in old age will delight to tell his sons and his grandsons of the righteous cause in which his country was engaged. He will have earned a right to exact of them a

promise to be jealous protectors of their liberties. He may exultingly say, in my time, my children, the people would suffer no encroachments on their rights—no stain on their national character. Keep constantly in your thoughts, the triumphant glories of your ancestors of the Revolution, and of the second war against Britain. Study to preserve unimpaired the inheritance you have derived from their heroism—and the Republic is safe in your hands.

Fellow-Citizens, when those who come after us, reflect on the causes and the events of our late appeal to arms, they will be incredulous of the opposition which should have arraigned the wisdom and justice of such an undertaking—and the necessity of such a resort. Yet not only was this war denounced as iniquitous and unnecessary, but it was avowed by imbecile and timid men disgracing the fair name of Americans—that the United States could not contend with Great-Britain. They deemed her omnipotent on the ocean, and irresistible on the land. Their apprehensions saw our navy her's by an easy capture. These weak politicians, frightened their fancies with the prospect of being conquered in an invasion of the foe. The apparition, conjured up by their fears, drove from their minds all recollection of the victories gained over the identical power they so alarmingly dreaded to encounter. Shamefully ignorant of the resources of America, having yet to learn that a democratic government of which every citizen is a part, and feels its concerns his own, is the strongest and most formidable on the offensive or the defensive—that the zenith of ag-

grandizement of Rome, Greece, France, even of England, was during the purity of their commonwealths, they could form no adequate conception of our warlike faculties.

There were others who predicted as a consequence of hostilities, the downfall of the nation, in the dismemberment of the union. It was their favorite and fashionable tenet—that the Constitution would not survive the war. Whether this propensity to divination was inspired by their wishes or their fears, or whether it was a stratagem to induce an abandonment by the administration of the high grounds they had maintained ; certain it is, that the British ministry looked with an earnest and credulous faith, to the fulfilment of the prophecy. But they looked in vain. They soon discovered that restless and turbulent demagogues had but left an indelible stigma on themselves, and were a false medium through which to estimate the patriotism of America.

You cannot but call to mind, my friends, the abhorrence—the detestation—the contempt—in which was held that notorious assemblage—“ *The Hartford Convention.*” When the Republic is in distress, and difficulties may thicken around her ; when the resplendence of her prosperity is overcast by a passing cloud, then is the time for the true hearted American, to stretch every nerve—to rally all his energies. None but the pusillanimous from despair, the disappointed in ambition, or the factious from treachery, would select such a crisis for such a council. If they expected by distracting the efforts of the administration and the people, to

hasten a peace, however degrading, mean and pitiful, must have been their feelings, when a "war which makes ambition virtue," was terminated in brilliant victories both on the ocean and on the land—and on terms which raised the United States to the highest and most honorable pinnacle of fame. If Treason presided over their deliberations, how she must have hung down her head in shame—that her schemes were baffled, and her designs exposed!

From this disgusting spectacle, my countrymen, let us turn to a most refreshing prospect—the plains of Louisiana. With what ecstasy can we recite the prodigies of valor performed by our army! The fictions of knight-errantry and the wild adventures of chivalry, do not more captivate the fancy and dazzle the vision of the mind, than the realities of New-Orleans. Here our state pride, as well as our national feelings can be indulged. JACKSON is a Carolinian. His name is inseparably allied with a most signal and eventful achievement in the chronicles of modern warfare. In him are united the excellencies of a first rate genius for war. He has the decision—the fearless bravery—the rapidity in movement of Cæsar, the hardihood of Hannibal, the unceasing industry and the modesty of Agricola, the sublimity of conception—the boldness in attack—the magical faculties of execution of BUONAPARTE. A kind of original influence in his character seems to fascinate his soldiers, who flock with glee to his standard.

By this hero was humbled in the dust the haughtiness of an imperious foe. Their immense force, collected from their choicest ve-

terans, and vaunted by the ministers of his Britannic Majesty to be overwhelming—was discomfited in action, and prostrated by total defeat. The few miserable survivors sought safety in flight. The Conquerors of BUONAPARTE and the imperial army, who were shortly afterwards the victors of Waterloo, found their laurels wither in our atmosphere, and fade before the hardy sons of Columbia. The “well foughten fields” of the Mississippi were ensanguined only by the blood of their invaders. Its majestic waters rolling in a crimsoned current to the ocean, told Neptune that as he had transferred the trident from the self-styled mistress of his domain to America, so Minerva had unfurled the star-spangled banner—Mars had hovered over our tents, and Bellona had mingled in our battles.

In no campaign was there ever a display of superior generalship. The attack made by our commander on the night of the 23d December, dismayed the advancing enemy. Their surprise and panic magnified the number of his forces, as yet weak and unorganized. When he had gained the brilliant victory of the 8th of January, his penetrating judgment and prudent self-command knew how to keep it. He would not pursue the retreating foe. He would have erected for them a golden bridge.

To this great man was afterwards entrusted the conduct of the Seminole war. Gratitude, my friends, weeps that Justice did not interpose her ægis against the shafts of calumny, levelled at his reputation. For his honorable acquittal, he need not point to New-Orleans. The

records of his authority, "are enrolled in the Capitol."

As we have triumphed in war, my countrymen, so we have triumphed in peace. The Republican Constitution flourishes in vigour, in health, and I dare hope, "in immortal youth." Experience finds it strong enough for offensive contests. It ought to be a sufficient shield against infringements of the rights of sovereignty, reserved to the States—and the liberties of the American people. It withstood the earthquake of the Missouri question, which shook it to its centre. It weathered the tempest which raged with fury around it. From its hemisphere, has disappeared the comet, which "from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war"—and portends direful calamities to nations.—This direct attempt to invade the sacred rights of property, under the specious mask of supporting the cause of freedom—was but a desperate effort of impatient ambition, to gain the ascendant of the administration—to effect a lodgement on the heights and ramparts of power. If the restriction had been imposed, and the government should pass from our hands, what security would the Southern States have for the abundant source of their wealth, against the disposition which has been unveiled to cramp it? Would not the planter, whose estate had descended to him from his ancestors—or who had invested in the favourite pursuit of man, the fruits of his honest labours, collected in a different avocation, feel his industry paralyzed, under the belief that he "stands in jeopardy every hour?" Such a possible state, should keep our vigilance perpetually awake. Our political

guards should be strengthened. Our centinels on their out-posts, should be prompt to give the alarm. If they slumber for a moment, the enemy may enter the camp. We may then tremble for our fortunes, if not for our lives. We must not be lulled into safety, by the calm which has followed the disconcertion of this deep-laid scheme. It may only precede another storm. The condition which would entammel Missouri, may be revived in another shape: and if Florida becomes a component part of the Republic, we may expect the same endeavour to qualify her annexation to the union. Whatever, my friends, may be the constitutional right of Congress, to agitate these discussions (and it appears extremely questionable) it is sure, that the safety of the people is paramount to the Constitution, invented but as their additional safe-guard,—that their estates were previous to this political charter,—that it recognizes a particular class of our population, and even provides for their representation. It is with pleasure, that I here pay a just tribute to the firmness and wisdom on this momentous occasion, of our Senators, Mr. GAILLARD and Mr. SMITH, and your Representative, Mr. LOWNDES.* They deserve well of the whole nation—they merit the perfect confidence—and have gained the applause and lasting gratitude of Carolina. They are able statesmen—zealous patriots—immoveable in the republican independence of their opinions—unshaken in their attachment to the people.

* Mr. LOWNDES, on this day honored the ST. ANDREW'S COMPANY with his presence.

Subjects like these, which involve the deep interests of particular sections of the country, and rouse the passions of all—make us feelingly alive to the vital importance of preserving our elective franchise in purity, free from arbitrary limitation, and from any unhallowed touch. It is the grand and only solid foundation on which our government rests. The more universal this privilege, the more is the government what it was intended to be—Republican. The close connexion of the people with their Representatives, and the responsibility of all public servants to the tribunal of general opinion, can alone retain the constitution in the orbit it ought to move. Any capricious restriction of the right of suffrage, is a departure from our first principles. It is a strange anomaly when they on whom the people bestow the marks of their honor, should desire to abridge them in the exercise of this right. By what process of reasoning—but that which persuaded a British Parliament elected for three years, to prolong their term of office to seven, are legislators in this free country to harbour a mistrust of their constituents? In all our elections, our attention should be equally directed to the intrinsic merit and correct sentiments of the candidates. No artificial influence, much less the influence of office—should venture to control the free choice of the people. The President of the United States as the representative of every citizen, ought to be known to every citizen by his talents—his important services—his moral worth, and his inflexible integrity in politics. As he is called to the highest and most honorable post

in the gift of the nation, it should be his pride to administer the government on the principles which advance him, to discountenance the slightest interference of those around him in the elections, and to have a statesman to succeed him, nominated not by himself, but promoted to the summit of honor, by the spontaneous acclamations of millions of freemen.

That the chief magistrate might not be embarrassed by the rivalries or jealousies, possible among heads of departments, who may be more intent on their personal aggrandizement, than studious of the national good—that the people may think for themselves at an election; and, that the incumbent in office might not point to his successor—it might be worthy of consideration, whether the ineligibility of a cabinet minister to the Presidency, would conduce to objects so desirable.

To multiply checks on those in power, is the wise and prevailing principle in the Constitution. This political colossus is indeed a mighty work; but it was raised by human hands, and perfection cannot be its attribute. Its provisions should be extended to meet the discoveries of time. Remedies should keep pace with its defects as they appear. Jealousy, if not too suspicious, is a wholesome virtue in a Republic. It is from this watchful solicitude that parties arise. They are in unison with freedom—and its inseparable preservatives. Not to flatter those in power, and to suffer no invasion of right, are the golden maxims of the independent.—Viewed in this light—were the extinction of party-spirit attainable,—it could scarcely be

hoped for. But, to expect uniformity of sentiments in politics, is a chimæra ; and an effort to govern entirely without party is little less so.—The wisest statesmen have abandoned the project of acting with efficiency, where there is no concert of views—no co-incidence of opinions—no similarity of education—no identity of interests—no particular direction of minds to the same favorite political objects ; where, in short, there is a wide and irreconcilable difference, as to the fundamental principles, on which a government is to be conducted. To declare there is no party, is an art of aiming at power, resorted to by those who are out of it. While they make this profession they would displace the most meritorious, and the best qualified from the stations they occupy.—Both in and out of office, in disclaiming party views, they are actuated by no other. We must not confound the non-existence of this influence, with the want of opportunity to display itself. During the war, you saw it at its height. Its ebullitions were poured forth in the last session of Congress. As it is politic for a minority to pretend there is no party—so it is suspicious, when they who have been placed in power under its feelings—afterwards deny its existence. They would appear to have encouraged its excitement, as the ladder by which their ambition was to climb, and then to cast it aside. Such a deceitful artifice practised to suit their convenience, soon loses the esteem and withdraws the confidence of the nation. Those who betray their political friends for one reward, might perhaps sacrifice their country for another.

But even if the effervescence of former differences may have subsided, and the fever of political passions abated—would you repose no greater confidence in the tried faithfulness and wisdom of JEFFERSON and MADISON, than in the members and partizans of “*the Hartford Convention*”? Could you be stoically neutral between principles which arrayed the Republic in glory, and those which would have suppressed as immoral our rejoicings for its victories? Shall the Republicans voluntarily abdicate their power, and in a fit of eccentric magnanimity surrender it to their opponents? Shall the reins be taken from hands which have so well managed them? Phœbus soon repented that he had yielded to the importunity of Phaeton, whose unskillfulness set the world on fire, dashed the chariot of the sun in pieces, and precipitated him headlong from the skies.

SOLDIERS and CITIZENS of ST. ANDREWS’!—As no nation on the globe can rival America in her glories, as no state has a sincerer affection for the Republic, and stands more exalted in the union, than Carolina, so no part of our state deserves better of her than St. Andrews’. Your fidelity and zeal in the common cause, are like the fervent devotion of the Saint whose name you bear, to the holy author of our religion.—Your parish like the sacred temple in which we are assembled, is venerable for its antiquity. In the early settlement of our state, a site had been chosen in its precincts for a city, which might now have been the metropolis of Carolina. In the cemetery of this shrine, consecrated to the worship of God, are the memorials of the ruth-

less ferocity of the Revolutionary foe. The sepulchres you see around you, now mouldering into ruin, in which the bones of your ancient inhabitants lay entombed, were sacrilegiously forced by the hands of hostile violence.—Avarice “burst their cerements,” in search of hidden treasures.

I feel, my friends, for this Parish, the attachment which is connected with earliest impressions. These we know can never be effaced. My childhood was passed here. To be again numbered among you, will be one of the most heart-felt incidents of my life.

Americans! On no anniversary of our country's birth-day, can we have more and greater blessings for which to return thanks to the Almighty disposer of events. We are in peaceful quiet with all the world. Harmony and concord, and brotherly love, reign throughout our boundless regions. We enjoy a felicity, to which the people of other countries are utter strangers. The name of an American is the richest prize which can be gained. It is the badge of distinction in every clime, the safest and most honourable passport through nations refined and uncivilized. The Constitution of our government—the Union and Independence of the States—the liberties of our citizens, through countless perils and vicissitudes remain unhurt. In its forty-fifth year, the Republic is as inviolate and pure, as on the day it was created. The most sanguine hopes of its warmest friends, have been gratified—Enthusiasts in their affection for it, exult over the disappointed hate of

tyrants, and willing slaves, who like Satan, malignantly envied the bliss and harmless innocence of Paradise. No uncongenial thought, my friends, can obtrude on the festivities of this day. Our rejoicings springing from the soul, are as acceptable to heaven as the sweet savour which ascended from the burnt offerings of sacrifice.—Our conscious bravery and patriotic exertions entitle us to assure mankind, that should foreign aggressions again assail our national rights, should the foes of Liberty dare attempt to enter her asylum or to pollute her sanctuary, the generation, which so manfully discharged their duty to their fathers, to themselves and to posterity, will again, at the sound of the clarion, hasten from their ploughs to the banners of their country, and, drawing the sword of vengeance, with the mighty arms of valorous freemen, smite the insolent intruders, and drive them in disgrace from our shores.



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